

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
are desired for the
election of
H. M. Alexander
to the
BOARD OF EDUCATION

VOTE TO ELECT
E. COOKE, BUILDER and
CONTRACTOR
FOR
BOARD OF EDUCATION
FOR WARD ONE
A FRIEND OF THE KIDDIES.

WARD 7
Elect Ex-Trustee
F. B.
Edmunds
for the
Board of Education

Your Vote and Influence
for
Sgt.-Major
GUSTAR
ALDERMAN
WARD 5 1920

with sticky dishes and of an empty dining-room. But, fortunately, as it developed, the Bishop had dined on the train.
"If ever I do such a thing again!" she exclaimed, as she spread the fragrant sheets upon the guest-room bed. Then she flew to the kitchen, drew a pan of steaming water, and began dropping cups and saucers into it.
The next minute Brother Jim came in from the football game. Hearing voices in the parlor, he inquired, "What's up? Anybody here?"
"The Bishop of Bengal!"
Jim stared, then threw back his head and laughed. "You sound as tragic," he asserted, "as if he was a royal Bengal tiger bent on devouring us all."
"He's a lion, not a tiger, the way he has to go around to big conventions and things. And yet he and father sit in there talking about the scrapes they used to get into in college, like two boys."
"Scrapes?" And he tiptoed to the door with interest.
"Snakes, you mean," tiptoeing back. "They keep snakes in India for pets. Put milk on the floor for 'em. And they wriggle out and lick the platter clean."
"Well, I wish I had a snake right now to wriggle out and lick these dishes for me. Just look at them, Jim."
"Looking at them won't wash them," he replied practically. "See me do the snake act." And seizing a towel he began wiping the cups as his sister lifted them from the pan.
By nine o'clock they were ready to join the circle about the Bishop. But the conversation by that time had reached a dull level, and not another word did they hear about India that night.
Marjorie as she slipped into bed felt distinctly defrauded. "If I only hadn't been in the kitchen the whole time! But that was my own fault. Anyway, I'm glad mother got everything ready for dinner to-morrow." And she laid her head on the pillow in security, only to lift it again in dismay. Breakfast! She had quite forgotten it. And mother had said—buckwheat cakes and sausage. Buckwheat cakes and sausage for the Bishop of Bengal!
Well, there was no help for it. There were not eggs enough in the house for an omelet, and rolls could not be obtained anywhere on Sunday morning. Buckwheat cakes and sausage it must be.

Then a further thought sent her out of bed with a rush. She had forgotten to set the batter. Into the hall and down the steps she crept, devoutly hoping that Jim, who kept fire-arms, would not shoot her for a burglar.
Soon the batter was mixed and ready to rise. But where should she set it? The radiator in the front hall. That was the warmest place. There she set it softly down, then stepping carefully around the Bishop's overshoes on the floor and the Bishop's overcoat on the rack, she went back to bed.
Her first business as she ran downstairs the next morning was to throw open the shutters and turn to the radiator. Had the batter risen? It had, valiantly, completely, disastrously; to the top of the pan; over the top, even, to speak paradoxically, down to the floor. And there stood the Bishop's overshoes as neatly filled with batter as though some sculptor had arranged to take a plaster cast of the episcopal foot for a statue to be placed in a cathedral.
Marjorie stared, then flushed, then sat down and laughed until the tears came. But before she could do a thing a big round voice behind her bade her good morning. She whirled about and stood speechless. How could she know that the Bishop was an early riser and habitually took a stroll before breakfast?
Then something in the keen grey eyes reassured her. She pointed to the floor. "I'm awfully sorry," she managed between gasps. "I don't suppose it's customary to raise buckwheat batter in overshoes even in India."
"My dear young lady, it's not customary to raise buckwheat batter in anything—in India. I haven't tasted buckwheat since I left America. So if you mean to give me a real old-fashioned breakfast once more I'll gladly contribute any number of shoes to the cause."
"I could lend you a pair of Malcolm's for to-day." Then with a sudden scruple, "Do you think I ought to tell him?"
"By no means. This little—er—overflow meeting is entirely our own affair."
She drew a breath of relief. How comforting a Bishop could be! "If I could only hide these," she deliberated.
"How about the river? I might walk in that direction. And tied with a couple of stones—"

WARD No. 1
W. W. HILTZ
Your vote and influence
respectfully solicited for
the re-election of
Wm. Hiltz for Ward No. 1
1920

Your vote and influence is
respectfully solicited for
W. J.
STOREY
For Alderman in
Ward 1

VOTE
KENT
Ward 2
FOR ALDERMAN

WARD 6
Vote for an Aggressive Business
Man for a Progressive Ward
A. J.
GADSBY
for
ALDERMAN, 1920

VOTE
Lewis Le Grow
FOR
Alderman Ward 4
1920

WARD 3 **VOTE**
WILLIAM
HARPER
FOR
ALDERMAN

RE-ELECT
Alderman Russell Nesbitt
BARRISTER
WARD 4

WARD 8
VOTE
F.R. MAXWELL
AS ALDERMAN
FOR 1920

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